

The Critic

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Of Truths and Beauties

TO ONE a phase of human character may appear minute, sharp-lined, impressive, which to another is fair-hued, mist-garmented, poetic. The mental telescope is not the same with all. The varying glass that shows the landscape close to view will also, as in a vague perspective, send it far away. We see with different eyes, through different atmospheres, with different glasses, and each of us sees something peculiarly hisown; but who may say that he alone sees truth, or that his vision handed down in art makes up the all of beauty?

Say the realists, 'Truth lies only within the boundaries of the literal and the actual. It is not imaginary but real, not unusual but commonplace, not speculative but scientific. It exists within us, and is about us in the every-day walks of life. Find it, grasp it, paint it, describe it, and the more faithful and literal your transcript of it to the world, the greater your art.' Say the idealists, 'There is a universal truth, a perfect truth, toward which all lines of life and art are tending. It is the standard of perfection by approaching which all other truths alone hold rank, and he who, strongest of his kind, comes nearest to the knowledge of that truth, he is the greatest artist.' Were warring schools but trustworthy founts of information, one well might think that truth is like the child of Solomon justice—a something not to be divided, but to be given over entire to one of two suitors. But is the claim of either faction well founded? Is truth singular? Is it confined to the actual or the universal; or is it the property or attribute of any one person, place, or thing alone? What says Pascal about the impossibility of all truth being on one side of the Alps and all falsehood on the other? Surely both realists and idealists claim too much and yet not enough. There are many truths. They surround and qualify all phases of creation. There are truths of the senses, truths of the thought, truths of the soul. They exist in the slightest things as in the greatest. We know not as yet the nearest and most apparent of them, and he who from the countless constellation can bring forth to view one point of light as yet unseen—can bring it forth and show it as he has seen it—is a discoverer, an artist, a genius whom we should welcome. The magnitude or nature of the truth is relative only. Goethe and Turner saw it in the sun; Wordsworth and Bonvin in the flower. Each truth in its sphere is good and fulfills its purpose in art.

Say the realists, 'There is no beauty that comes not out of truth. Truth itself is beautiful, and whatever is beautiful must of necessity be true. The terms are synonymous. Picture then that which is simply true, picture it with fidelity, so that all who see may know the mirror is held up to nature, and the world, recognizing your accuracy of vision, will praise your art.' Say the idealists, 'There is a universal beauty which is the ideal. It is the perfection of earthly conception, the prize of human endeavor toward which mankind aspires. It is not that which is, but that which should be—the longed-for, the sought-after. All art aims at this universal beauty, but no artist more than approximates its realization. Those who come the closest to the mark hold highest rank in art.'

Again, the pleas of both realists and idealists are special and suited to prove that which they wish to prove. Beauty like truth is many-sided—not an entity, but an attribute of many things. It is omnipresent throughout the world. The Greek sculptors found but that phase of it shown in the human form. Theseus and the Venus of Milo were not its sole possessors. 'The glory of young men is their strength and the beauty of old men in the gray head.' All forms of nature may claim it. Even the ugly and venomous toad may hold a precious jewel in his head; and while there is a fair beauty of the eye, there is also an infinitely fairer beauty of the mind and soul. When this attribute of all life is recognized in art, the question of its reality or ideality never enters one's head. The sublime conceptions of Goethe and Leonardo ignore all rules and push aside all classifications. They simply stand as the individual and peculiar ideas of truth and beauty held by those men. To be sure factions and schools may quarrel over the right of naming great geniuses among their supporters, but they are all very much like Dapperly, the grocery clerk, at the ball-room door; he knew all the aristocracy within, but alas! the aristocracy did not know him.

Confused by many arguments and deafened by the strength of many lungs, the youthful artist and novelist is much at loss to know with which party to ally himself. He has the choice of professing realism or idealism, and thinks that under one banner or the other he must stand or fall. But before he joins either party, it is to be hoped that the idea will suggest itself to him of becoming a mugwump 'individualist,' believing and acting upon the truth of his own impressions and convictions. There is a beauty entirely his own within his individual round of life, and if he will but see it with an honest eye and tell it with an honest art, he will not go to the shades unsung. All truths and beauties are but the different points of view of different men, and not a little of the pleasure they afford to us lies in their difference, their variety. To pin them down to laws of realism or idealism is simply a concession to the theoretical demon that possesses us. Thought should be free of formulas, as vision should be clear of dancing motes. The art of the untrammelled may be as majestic as Michael Angelo's, as wild as Byron's, as prophetic as Blake's, or as ornate as Gautier's, but no matter. The art of each is true to itself and radiant with its own peculiar beauty.

And this reminds me of something that I have read or dreamed of reading, somewhere in Eastern fable, of the Bulbul proclaiming the queen of the flowers. He sent forth word to the flowery world that his lover, the Rose, was the perfection of all the flora that bloomed; that she was the ideal of grace, the acme of loveliness, the model of beauty, and that all the other flowers of the field should strive to attain her excellence by patterning after her perfections. So the flowers, bowing obedience, strove with all their strength to fashion themselves like the Rose. The snow-drop reached up at the air, the sun-flower shrunk down toward the earth, the daisy strove hard to blush, and the jasmine tried its best to stop creeping. But it was all in vain. In spite of their efforts they could be only their natural selves. The violet bloomed modestly low in the grass; the honeysuckle clambered its perfumed way; the lily grew spotless and white; and the pansy spread forth the same petals of purple and gold. The moral of the fable lies upon its surface. Be natural, individual, and honest. In these qualities there is a beauty peculiarly your own, which those who go along the fields of art will not fail to notice and appreciate.

J. C. VAN DYKE.

THE New York daily papers printed this week the following death-notice:—'WHITRIDGE. On July 4, at Poynters, Cobham, Surrey, England, John, the infant son of Frederick and Lucy Whitridge of this city.' This is one of Matthew Arnold's two American grandchildren—the Midget's children, whom, only a few moments before his death, he had expressed a musing hope that he might live to see. They were then on the water, nearing England. The other and older child was a little girl.

Reviews

The Stedman-Hutchinson Library. Vols. I.-III.*

THE SERVICE which the editors of the Stedman-Hutchinson 'Library of American Literature' have rendered to the public in the handsome volumes now before us, is not easily to be estimated. The results here presented to the reader could formerly be obtained only by patiently examining the collections and reprints of historical societies; by penetrating to the inner chambers of great libraries, where the Past lies entombed as in a pyramid, 'shut in a sacred gloom' and surrounded by the fragrance of precious old books; by undergoing, in short, those pains whose secret pleasure only loving students know. That which a clear judgment has retained as most valuable, most significant, after such labors, is now made generally accessible; a royal road has been opened along which all may fare. Authentic portraits add to the interest of the work, setting the principal figures of our early literary history before us in their habit as they lived. As yet only four of the ten projected volumes have been issued; but given this arc, it is not difficult for the imagination to complete the circle of the design. The Library is intended to afford a broad view of the course of American Literature—its origin, its development, its characteristic manifestations in every stage—by means of representative selections. The first and second volumes deal with the Literature of the Colonial Period, beginning with those narratives of the voyagers to which, as Mr. Stedman has elsewhere observed, 'noble English and a simple, heroic wonder give zest.' The third volume is devoted to the Literature of the Revolution.

Of course, the *raison d'être* of such a work is the belief in an American Literature—in a sequence of writings which, produced under new conditions, increasingly embody a new spirit, and which are therefore worthy of separate and careful study. At a hasty glance it may appear that the literary product of the Colonial Period hardly supports this conception. But on closer examination it is seen that the records of the daring and suffering of the early voyagers and settlers serve to exhibit the new forces rudely but surely shaping a new human result. Gradually a disposition becomes observable to comment on the slight deviations of the colonist from the home type. 'The neighborhood,' says Robert Beverly, describing Virginia in 1705, 'is at much the same distance as in the country in England; but with this advantage, that all the better sort of people have been abroad, and seen the world, by which means they are free from that stiffness and formality, which discovers more civility than kindness.' The Englishman in Virginia is dropping his insularity, is gaining a certain flexibility, ease, expansiveness. Hugh Jones, writing a few years later, devotes a good deal of space to the consideration of what he seems to think an essential difference of genius in the native Virginian. 'The climate makes them bright, and of excellent sense, and sharp in trade; . . . they have good natural notions, and will soon learn arts and sciences; but are generally diverted by business or inclination from profound study, and prying into the depth of things.' Some loss in solidity, it appears, accompanies the increase in keenness. 'Through their quick apprehension they have a sufficiency of knowledge and fluency of tongue, though their learning for the most part be but superficial. They are more inclinable to read men by business and conversation than to dive into books, and are for the most part only desirous of learning what is absolutely necessary in the shortest and best method. . . . When they come to England, they are generally put to learn to persons that know little of their temper, who keep them drudging on in what is of least use to them, in pedantic methods too tedious for their volatile genius.' These dicta are indeed but straws, yet they are suggestive as indications. Internal evidence to another and a more important effect may be met

with now and again in the first notable literary growth of the country, the mass of 'New-English' treatises and sermons. 'Brethren!' cries William Hooke, 'Liberty is more precious than life, inasmuch as death is the common lot of all men, but servitude the portion only of men destined to misery. . . . If any say, 'How are we concerned in the miseries of other men, so long as we are free?' I say, it toucheth us, as Lot's captivity touched Abraham, who mustered up his men, and took his confederates along with him, and delivered him out of bondage.' It is a strong English voice that speaks, but there is a free trumpet-ring about the whole passage that stirs the blood of an American, who cannot but find it significant that the words were spoken upon New England soil.

'What then,' asks St. John de Crevecoeur, in 1782, when Americanism has become conscious, 'What then is the American, this new man? . . . He is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. . . . Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. . . . The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions.' It is the record, to us ever sacred, of the birth and youth of this 'new man,' that is contained in Mr. Stedman's third volume. Franklin meets us, as it were, on the threshold, in a fine engraving of the portrait painted by Duplessis in 1783. The other distinguished figures of our national dawn in turn pass before us. Naturally, though much rare matter is included, a greater proportion of the selections in this volume are already familiar than is the case in the former two. Of those two the Puritan is, in the main, the hero; his mighty shade bestrides them like a sad Colossus.

By this admirable survey one gets an idea of all phases of his activity, all traits of his character. One beholds him at first as the exile for the sake of conscience, the settler stoutly facing famine and fever and such foes as he deemed very fiends of the pit; but soon the more prominent aspect is that of the divine, pitiless in spiritual warfare; the powerful oppressed mind, fast ironed in a prison of grim doctrine, but now and then perceiving, as through bars, some gleam of an almost unutterable glory. A singular and piercing sweetness characterizes the bursts of joyful eloquence that break, from time to time, from these men's lips; the sense becomes sharpened, keenly alive to spiritual beauty, in proportion as it is strained under the perpetual torment of an agonizing fear. We think of Thomas Shepard as the preacher who pictured for his hearers, with an awful intensity before which the spirit faints, the terrors of the final judgment, the utter despair of the condemned: 'No God, no Christ, no Spirit to comfort thee, no Minister to preach unto thee; no Friend to wipe away thy continual tears, no Sun to shine upon thee, not a Bit of Bread, not one Drop of Water to cool thy tongue!' We think of Jonathan Edwards as one who employed the highest powers of the Puritan intellect in setting forth such a proposition as that 'the saints in heaven will rejoice in seeing the justice of God glorified in the sufferings of the damned.' We remember too seldom the transports of Shepard, 'that soul-ravishing minister,' in 'The Sincere Convert': 'O pass by all the Rivers, till thou come to the Spring-head; wade through all Creatures, till thou art drowned, plunged, and swallowed up with God. . . . Here's infinite, eternal, present sweetness, goodness, grace, glory and mercy to be found in God. Why post you from Mountain to Hill, why spend you your money, your thoughts, time, endeavors, on things that satisfy not? Here is thy resting Place. . . . Here is all Light in this Sun, and all Water in this Sea, out of whom as out of a crystal Fountain, thou shalt drink the refined Sweetness of all Creatures in Heaven and Earth for ever and ever.'

* A Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. Vols. I., II., III. \$3 per vol. New York: Chas. L. Webster & Co.

Certainly Jeremy Taylor never wrote a more gracious and luminous passage than that extract from the manuscripts of Edwards, here entitled 'His Early and Rapturous Sense of Divine Things': 'The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about. . . . There was no part of creature-holiness that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart and poverty of spirit. . . . My heart panted after this—to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL; that I might become as a little child.' To such a spiritual gleam in the midst of gloom applies Carlyle's description of an episode in the *Inferno*, 'a thing woven as out of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black.' In this prose form escaped at times the suppressed poetry of the Puritan nature, the colonial verse being for the most part a mere imitative stilt-exercise.

The scope of this excellent compilation is such as to render an adequate review almost an impossibility. Earnest gratitude is due to the poet-critic and the charming lyricist whose combined studies have produced so valuable a work.

Prof. Morley's English Literature. Vol. II.*

IT MAY be said at once that Vol. II. of Prof. Morley's 'English Writers' is a great advance on Vol. I. While, in the opinion of competent scholars, Vol. I. had better never been written, offending as it did at every step against the minute and accurate requirements of modern scholarship in Old English literature, of Vol. II. no such broad and general statement can be made. This section of the twenty-volume work has been delayed eight months in publication, and delayed to its 'great and endless comfort'; for in that period Prof. Morley has had time to digest the criticisms of his first volume, to stop and reconsider, to coach himself up on most points, to modify his views, and to ascertain what the troublesome Germans had said on the next section of his subject. In this way 'From Cædmon to the Conquest' has become an excellent if not entirely adequate presentation of literary doings in England between 800 and 1066. The style is lucid and agreeable; the divisions are logical and natural; the foot-notes (which evidence a perpetual eye on the aforesaid Germans) are abundant and suggestive; and a series of 'Last Leaves' shows the author in a modest apologetic attitude which does much to counteract the disagreeable impression produced by the glaring faults of the first volume. His attitude towards his theme—to judge by its title,—appears to be to treat it individualistically, by monographs, rather than in a molten continuous flow. This will be as difficult as to construct a connected history of English literature from the English Men-of-Letters Series.

Had Prof. Morley confined himself to the four volumes which he intended to write as a reconstruction of that part of the work which was published twenty years ago, and which embraced, besides the volumes under consideration, one treating of Early English Literature from the Conquest to Chaucer, and a concluding volume to end at the invention of printing, his work might have been brought, like Ten Brink's, to a complete and rounded close. But all this, which alone requires the most comprehensive scholarship, is but the beginning! And with Prof. Morley's genius for digressions (witness the long essay on Celtic literature in Vol. I. and that on Icelandic literature in the present volume, neither having vital connection with the subject), the 'evening of life' will indeed have to stretch into an Arctic twilight to enable him to get to Vol. XX. Ridden by hobbies, too, one of which is that the imaginative element in English literary life is due to the infusion of Celtic blood,

he is apt to run deeper and deeper into 'asides,' side-paths, and digressional wanderings, to the detriment of symmetry and concentration, unity and harmonious effect. Prof. Morley's Old English scholarship meets with combative instincts on every side. Thus, his views of Widsith, his apparent confusion of Jordanis with Cassiodorus, many etymological conjectures like those on the names of Olaus and Cædmon, his whole view of 'Cædmon' himself, are entirely inadmissible. He makes mistakes about King Kentwine, about the dialect of the Vespasian Psalter (which he thinks is Kentish, instead of Mercian), about Cynewulf's riddles and the theories of German scholars thereabout, and some of his translations from the Anglo-Saxon are untenable. It is more than queer that Ten Brink's work, Skeat's edition of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels, and Earle's Anglo-Saxon Literature are nowhere mentioned; the term 'Teutonic' is perversely applied to the Old Saxon, Frisian, and Platt-Deutsch, while 'Gothic' is as perversely applied to Mæso-Gothic and Scandinavian. Correction of such omissions and errors were far more to be desired than the inclusion of such discussions as 'Were the Gaels Hyperboreans,' or translations of the Icelandic *Völuspá*. And while Prof. Morley was translating, why did he not give us specimens of Turner's, Conybeare's, and Miss Hickey's graceful and spirited renderings from the Anglo-Saxon? The fact is, Prof. Morley has undertaken too much; to do well what he has undertaken would require twenty heads, not one. Even such a work as Gröber's 'Grundriss der Romanischen Phylologie' is the outgrowth of twenty-nine coöperating scholars; but then it is authoritative.

"Fraternity: a Romance".*

THE multitudinous hills and tarns of Wales are almost an unbroken wilderness to literary pioneers. Our romancers and novelists have put forth on many a voyage of discovery to the far ends of the earth, while overlooking and neglecting this beautiful corner on the fair coast of Britain. They have breasted the storms and the colds of the frozen North, and come back anon with its priceless treasures; they have gone down in ships to the distant East, and brought home their vessels laden with the spices of Cathay and the pearls of Ind; they have pushed away again over Western seas, and returned with rich argosies of corals and precious stones; drifted down to the fortunate isles of the South, and sped back freighted with 'the gold in the ingots, the silk in the bales.' And, their eyes dazzled by the wealth of other countries, and their ears filled with the music of soft, strange tongues, they have forgotten the simple language of the Mabinogion and the quiet lands of which Merlin sang;—and all these years, the noble memories of old Wales and her homely people have been slowly sinking in oblivion.

It has remained for one of her own children—one who was born and bred among her hills and valleys—to rise up and call us back again. And gladly we respond to the call; for are we not a little wearied with the wealth of the Occident, and the glamour of Oriental cities? Very pleasant journeying it is, too, across the pages of 'Fraternity' into the old Plâs of the Trevors, into the mines, the quarries and the mountains, the moors and the fens. You are face to face with Nature and cheek by jowl with Nature's children. You open the pages of the book, and fresh winds from the hillsides blow across your forehead; you turn a leaf, and it rustles to the falling water of some lonely beck. Blodwen Trevor is like the lovely Welsh flower from which she takes her name—white, pure, unspotted; and Haig, strong and immovable, is the true child of the rocks among which he had his birth. Love and Nature are the watchwords by which you are lured back to Wales and her worthy people. But the author of 'Fraternity' has done more than resuscitate the fading memory of her fatherland; for while she leads, she teaches and strengthens you. You have waited a long

* English Writers: an Attempt Towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley. Vol. II. From Cædmon to the Conquest. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

* Fraternity: a Romance. 50 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

time for 'fraternity,' for universal brotherhood—so long that you cannot be quite so hopeful in the matter as she is; though you believe in Edmund Haig, you have never seen him. Yet he is genuine from head to foot. And why is he so? If we were told that St. Paul, St. Francis and the Chevalier Bayard lived in one man, we should smile at the impossibility. The combination would make a character not unlike that of Edmund Haig. In drawing him, the novelist has trodden a path as narrow as Blondin's rope, swerving neither to the right nor to the left. The slightest deviation would have been fatal to her purpose—would have given us either a consummate prig or the abstraction of a fairy-tale. The result of her sure-footedness is that the hero of 'Fraternity' is a true child of the Nineteenth Century in its highest ideal. 'To love,' says Mme. du Châtelet in one of her best moments, 'is a rare happiness; were it commoner, it were better to be a man than a god.' Far better, were we capable of such love as Edmund Haig's: fraternity would then be something more than a dream. The good that such a book as this may do is incalculable. Faults it may have, and has; but so venial are they on the whole, it would be finical to dwell upon them. It is decidedly a book 'with a purpose,' with a deep-set moral. But while the ethical motive of the story is never forgotten, it is nowhere so accentuated as to annoy. The man who can lay down 'Fraternity' without feeling quickened, strengthened and elevated, is so good as to need no moral tonic—or so bad as to be beyond help. The novel enriches English fiction with a noble character in Edmund Haig, a hero whose love comprehended not only his own kind but the dumb beasts as well.

The story halts at the end. A more accustomed hand would have rounded and polished the last chapter more artistically. We do not confess to the curiosity of Hawthorne's fair correspondent, who wished to be told whether the Faun had furry ears or not; but we do not like to be summoned to a wedding-feast, and the moment the knot is tied shut out from the full fruition of its promises.

Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre." Vol. I.*

THE YEAR 1732 was memorable for more than the birth of Washington: it saw the dawn of the drama in America in the shape of a regularly organized theatrical company which played in New York in that year. Mr. Seilhamer, who appears to be an excellent-tempered but true Philadelphian, disputes this, maintaining that the performance with which the history of American dramatic art began was the production of Addison's 'Cato' in Philadelphia, in 1749. The performers who aspired to immortalize themselves in this way were doubtless 'Thespians of home-made production,' of whom Dunlap, in his 'History of the American Theatre,' amusingly says, that the 'magistracy of the city had been disturbed by some idle young men perpetrating the murder of sundry plays in the skirts of the town, but the culprits had been arrested and bound over to their good behavior, after confessing their crime, and promising to spare the poor poets for the future.'

Such was the unpromising beginning of the art in the United States. Mr. Seilhamer's researches are naturally rather limited in scope, and confine themselves to the leading cities, such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Annapolis, Richmond, and Charleston. The ponderous form in which his annals of the pre-Revolutionary American stage are published forces a contrast and comparison with the slightness of the real performance. Reading these annals and the mass of trivialities which make up this epoch of American art, and which he was bound as a conscientious annalist to gather, is like reading Vol. I. of Moses Coit Tyler's *History of American Literature*, or the beginnings of the Stedman-Hutchinson anthology, or a glimpse into the earlier pages of the old Duyckinck Cyclo-

pædia. One hurries over a desert, hoping here and there to come on an oasis—'a green isle in the sea, love.' Still, work of this kind has to be done, and we do not in the least quarrel with Mr. Seilhamer for doing it. On the contrary, we congratulate him on the care, accuracy, and fulness which distinguish his work, his corrections of the errors of others, and his promise to show how better things grew out of these roots. This large volume is mainly taken up with the theatrical performances of the Hallam Company, the Virginia Comedians, the Douglass Company (which succeeded Hallam), the American Company, the New Virginia, and the New American Company. Along with this go the memoirs of the first permanent theatre in this country—the Southwark,—built in Philadelphia in 1766. The first American comedy accepted for production was characteristically called 'The Disappointment'—a comic opera. The first American play ever produced was 'The Prince of Parthia' (1759), written by Thomas Godfrey of Philadelphia. The old John Street Theatre in New York, opened in 1767, was to this city what the Southwark was to Philadelphia. Brilliant audiences gathered in Williamsburgh and Norfolk to witness the acting of the Virginia Comedians, whom John Esten Cooke romanced about (inaccurately enough as Mr. Seilhamer shows) in several historical novels. The spirit of the whole epoch was imitative, imported, English. The Hallams, Douglasses, Henrys, Morrisises, Goodmans, and Richardsons—the actors and actresses of 1749-74—got their cues from Covent Garden, and played accordingly. And it was but a natural consequence that Congress should close the era of English influence dramatically by passing, in 1775, a resolution recommending that all places of amusement be closed. What Mr. Seilhamer's work lacks is not personal details, or piquant personalities, or flings at Dunlap's inaccuracies; it is a clear summing-up of the characteristics of the epoch.

"The Story of the City of New York"*

MR. TODD's story of the metropolitan city of this continent is hardly as bright and lively, or as philosophic, as Miss Coolidge's *History of the City of Philadelphia*. For, despite his wealth of description, pleasant style, and manifest familiarity with accurate detail and good if not always original authorities, he fails to bring clearly to the surface the animating principles of which the visible facts are only illustrations. For instance, the picturesque details of Dutch households, interiors and social life have been written of again and again. After Irving, and those who like him have turned sober history into a jest—sometimes even into caricature,—and after the more sedate writers who have made inventories, we hardly need more description; unless, as the author says in his preface, the younger readers are kept in view. Surely it is time to treat of the founders of this State and city as something more than men of long pipes and baggy trousers. To trace in outline those principles inwrought in the Dutch character which made New York City the greatest commercial power, and New York State the first really American commonwealth, and the leader in jurisprudence and political procedure, would have added largely to the value of Mr. Todd's pleasing book.

Apart from this lack, however, his history of the city of New York is of interest and value. From his wealth of material he has made judicious selection, and has arranged it with the best of taste, so that the old details take on them the general happy effect and charming freshness of a well composed bouquet. In minor details he has studied accuracy, and has evidently been careful to consult experts; and this notwithstanding sundry slips. He accepts the story of Verazano's discovery of New York Bay as good history, and speaks of *De Gama*, by which he perhaps means Vasco da Gama. On page 47 he mentions Van Curler, and on the next calls him Jacob Van Corlear. He has occasionally

* *History of the American Theatre.* Vol. I. Before the Revolution. \$1.50. By G. O. Seilhamer. Philadelphia: Globe Printing-House.

* *The Story of the City of New York.* By Charles Burr Todd. \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

colored his statements by too close reading of Diedrich Knickerbocker. In a word, the first part of his book, on 'The Dutch Dynasty,' is fair but not superfine. In Part II., under 'English Rule,' we enter the middle colonial period, and this, as it seems to us, is the best part of the author's work. Beginning with 'The New Flag' and ending at the Inauguration of Washington, the wholly interesting story of civil, military, social and commercial life is told in excellent literary style. As the author narrates it, it is full of picturesque anecdotes, and the blending of lights that shows strong mastery of details. In Part III., 'The Free City' is sketched in a few bold strokes, and the story closes with a glance at the work and genius of Roebling and Bartholdi. Special praise is due to both author and publisher for the garnishing and furniture of this acceptable volume. With copious illustrations, maps, index, and tables of contents and chronology, it seems equipped with all that is necessary to make a popular and serviceable book.

Two "Famous Women"*

TWO ADDITIONAL volumes have appeared of the series of biographies known in England as *Excellent Women* and here as *Famous Women*. The series seems to have no very definite purpose in view with reference to fame or excellence, but includes women that are good, bad and indifferent. Had it confined itself to literary women, or women whose influence is mainly intellectual, it would have been more satisfactory. Of the eighteen volumes which have so far appeared in the American edition, twelve may be called literary women, three have been great actresses, one a prison reformer, one a religious teacher, and one an adventuress. Then, again, the series has included ten English women, five French, two Italian and one American. Perhaps this flexibility of plan indicates pretty clearly that the idea of the intellectual or literary woman has not yet very fully taken hold upon the public, and that what interests the readers of such a series of books as this is not the literary achievements of the women included in the series, but other and less worthy qualities. We should deeply regret to believe that this is true; but we can see no other explanation of the desultory manner in which the names are chosen. Had the series strictly confined itself to English women-of-letters, we believe it would have been more satisfactory as a whole, and would have done much towards showing how important has been the influence of women upon literature and how great the progress they have made in the last two hundred years.

Miss Yonge's biography of Hannah More (1) is one of the most satisfactory volumes that have yet appeared in the series, being full of interest and written in an excellent spirit. It shows the evidence of literary training and habit, which have been absent from some of the previous volumes. The books of Hannah More were once very popular, but they have long since ceased to interest the reading public. Yet she was one of the first English women to make a decided success in literature, and was conspicuous by her philanthropic labors and her connection with the evangelical movement. These reasons make it quite worth while that her biography should be written for the present generation. It is here given in no elaborate detail, nor with any extended use of her letters, but is told in a pleasant and comprehensive manner, with skilful selection of the leading facts, and with a just critical appreciation.

The desultory nature of the series is seen in the fact that the last volume is devoted to Adelaide Ristori's autobiography (2). The great actress here tells the story of her life briefly, and without too much egotism. She is a person of enthusiasms, and writes with nervous energy and spirit. She tells of her great successes much in the manner in which she might describe them to a friend in conversation. The last half of the book is devoted to analyses of the great

plays in which she has won her most conspicuous triumphs. In a graphic style she describes her efforts to make her art more natural and perfect, the difficulties with which she had to contend in each of these tragedies, and how she won artistic success and the approval of the public. Her critical skill in the analysis of the tragedies in which she acted is considerable, and gives evidence of much intellectual power combined with her mimetic art.

Some New Translations*

IT IS strange that while the Germans have hardly anything that can be dignified with the name of novel, in the French and English sense, yet they possess a positive genius for the romantic legend, the imaginative parable, the story of the supernatural, the airy nothings that revel in talking flowers, soliloquizing animals, landscapes that live and throb with half human existence: *märchen*, in short, graceful in form, pregnant in meaning, and full of poetry. La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffmann, Krummacker, Musäus have never been excelled as delightful artists in legendary lore, mystic tale, allegories of a rare and beautiful sort, fairy-tales quick with color and motion as any humming-bird. The appeal made by these writers to a certain kind of imaginative reader is irresistible, and their popularity in translation shows how strong a root, how deep a dye the German side of the Anglo-Saxon nature possesses still, to sympathize so thoroughly with the creations of German mystical and romantic 'foolishness,'—some would call it—anything but 'foolishness' to such 'Greeks' as Carlyle and Emerson.

In his 'Summer Legends,' Rudolf Baumbach (pleasantly translated by Mrs. Nathan H. Dole) shows a mastery of the naïve form, the artlessness and charm which have given to the Grimms their world-wide fame. For him the ranunculus, the clover-leaf, the daisy have a language which he translates for them into poetic prose; for him all nature is an anthropomorphic melodrama replete with incident, underlying significance, and character-play; fruits and vegetables, leaves and blossoms, dumb brutes and kitchen utensils live in a cosmos of their own, wherein as yet no chaos has entered; and the result is charming interpretations like these legends of summer, true renderings of a polyglot tongue intelligible to only a chosen few like Thoreau, Gilbert White, John Burroughs, and Rudolf Baumbach. What a pity there are not professors of Modern Nature as there are (in superfluity!) professors of Modern Languages!

Another charming offshoot of the German spirit is the Norwegian, in which Björnsterne Björnson and his school have given us such inimitable things. This simple yet vigorous dialect is the medium which Prof. Friis has chosen to convey in agreeable form impressions of Finnish love and life. 'Lajla' is a delightful little idyl of the Land of the Midnight Sun, filled with rare local color and knowledge of a region remote from European sympathy. It gives us in the story of the lost girl Lajla and Mellet the Finn, in Jaampa on his snow-shoes and Laagje with his reindeer herd, a novel and attractive bit of *genre*-painting shot through with glimmers of the aurora, full of the noises of the frozen sea, crowded with ptarmigan and wolves scampering over the ice-floes: altogether a capital young people's book, well-translated.

'Pictures of Hellas,' being illustrated, at first appeared to be a work on Greek archaeology, but on closer inspection turns out to be five tales of ancient Greece translated from the Danish of P. Mariager by Mary J. Safford. The author is very daring to venture on ground consecrated by the genius of the authors of 'The Epicureans,' 'Hypatia,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Fabiola,' and 'The Emperor and the Galilean,' especially where his historical romance plays about regions so dim as Pelasgian Greece; but he seems on

* 1. Hannah More. By Charlotte M. Yonge. 2. Adelaide Ristori: Studies and Memories: an Autobiography. \$1 each. (Famous Women.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* 1. Summer Legends: From the German of Rudolf Baumbach, by Mrs. Helen B. Dole. \$1.25. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 2. Lajla: a Tale of Finmark. From the Norwegian of J. A. Friis, by Ingerid Markhus. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3. Pictures of Hellas. Five Tales of Ancient Greece. From the Danish of P. Mariager, by Mary J. Safford. 50c. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

the whole to have succeeded quite well in reproducing legend and custom, archaeological detail and social existence, and in popularizing antique Greek scenery and society. His stories are based on abundant learning, and must be welcome to any one desirous of seeing Hellas and its ardent artistic soul become more familiar to the younger generation.

Minor Notices

'THE LIFE OF MRS. GODOLPHIN,' by John Evelyn, is a new edition, issued in a very neat and attractive style. The diary of Evelyn has long since made him one of the best known writers in that kind, and his sayings and doings and sayings are referred to repeatedly by those who have occasion to describe the period in which he lived. His biography of Mrs. Godolphin was first published in 1847, by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, and the present edition (the second) is edited by one of Evelyn's descendants, Edward William Harcourt. Mrs. Godolphin died at the age of twenty-five, admired and loved by all who knew her, and by none more than by John Evelyn. He wrote for one of her relatives this simple account of her brief life. In the age of Charles II., the darkest age of English history, lived this pure and noble woman, a Christian saint, exemplifying the highest type of the Protestant faith in that age. This little book may well take its place among the best of religious biographies. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—'THE AGNOSTICS AND THEIR REMAINS, Ancient and Mediaeval,' by C. W. King, is the second and revised edition of a book that has taken its place as a standard work on the theme of which it treats. Mr. King has made a diligent and painstaking study of his subject, consulted every possible authority, and brought together the results of his labors in a volume which thoroughly commends itself to scholars. He finds the origin of Gnosticism in Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, as these faiths passed westward and were made use of to oppose Christianity. Having industriously traced its origin, the author follows it through its many forms and into its fantastic expressions in the worship of Mithras, and as shown in the use of various gems and religious formulas. The most remarkable feature of this history is the development of Mithraism, which had become the real religion of most Romans and Greeks in the First Century, and which Mr. King finds to have been something like the 'esoteric' Buddhism of the present day. In his last chapter he traces the relations of the Templars, Rosicrucians and Freemasons to the Gnostic worship in which they indirectly originated.

IF 'TRAVEL' were what it etymologically purports to be—'travail'—we should bid farewell to many a delightful traveller, and among them to Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare. Happily, modern conveniences have overridden etymologies; people travel—or in the older spelling 'travaille'—with greater ease than they stay at home; and those who perforce must stay at home benefit by the facility with which enlightened curiosity is nowadays gratified. On this particular occasion Mr. Hare indulges himself and his readers with 'Days near Paris,' a new kind of guide-book that combines intellectual treatment, literary reminiscence, and apt quotation with intelligent guidance through the mazy labyrinths in and about Paris. Here, as before, he is an indefatigable 'walker'—'walks' you, if you will, to the charming villages, palaces, and forests in the vicinity of the capital, and tells you all about Versailles, St. Cloud, Meaux, Fontainebleau, and twenty other celebrated places *en route*. The American editor translates the numerous citations from French writers of history or memoirs quoted by the author in illustration of the historical edifices that remain, and the reader is able—in eighteen 'flights,' 'fits,' chapters, or cantos—to take in the great epic of suburban Lutetia with its brilliant episodes and ringing memories. The illustrations are by Mr. Hare himself. (\$2.50. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)

IT IS HARD to speak of a work of John Boyle O'Reilly's without enthusiasm. He himself is possessed of so much verve and fire, and everything he does is done with such zest and spirit, that his readers cannot easily resist the contagion. Be it a plea for the Irish cause or only a chapter on base-ball, the author's words are so imbued with his temperament, that you find yourself carried away for the moment by his earnestness. In the book which he has christened 'The Ethics of Boxing,' Mr. O'Reilly deals with a subject very near to his heart; for he is an ardent lover of manly sports, and his tone (when he is not expressing disgust at the round-shouldered, hectic and dyspeptic hulk) is almost pleading in its ardor for physical reform. He has used as the frontispiece of his volume a copy of Donohue's 'Boxer,' as a delicate hint of what we may become by exercise and training. However, Mr. O'Reilly is no extremist here; he would by no means have us all Sullivans and Heenans; but by his subtle style and his pleasant devices, he

would lure us to the tennis-field and the 'diamond;' to the river and the sea, for rowing, sailing, swimming and canoeing, and to the saddle and the frozen lake. And so enticing is the invitation, that even the sedentary and dyspeptic reviewer feels like rushing out into the corridor with his Indian-clubs, or 'footing it' from the Battery to the Park, or pulling a shell over a twelve-mile course. (\$1.50. Ticknor & Co.)

MACAULAY'S fascinating 'Lays of Ancient Rome' are familiar to all readers and lovers of English literature—more familiar, perhaps, than the stories of Livy on which they are founded. Who has not thrilled over 'Horatius,' quickened over the strange adventures of the House of Tarquin, lamented with 'Virginia' and listened sympathetically to 'The Prophecy of Capys'? Yet we doubt whether ever before these passionate ballads have been so beautifully presented as they are now in No. IX. of the unique Knickerbocker Nuggets Series, in which lovely binding, refined type, and delightful illustrations combine to make a perfect whole. Macaulay himself could not have dreamed so dainty a typographical dream, could not have wished for a more charming garniture for his antique song. Lockhart and Macaulay have united their names inextricably with two noble literatures, the one as translator, the other as bard and interpreter. Each is inseparably joined to his beloved as the *barbe espagnole*—the silver Spanish moss—is to its live-oaks and pines. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, not content with the exquisite editions of Alphonse Daudet's books which they have already issued, have just ready a limited *édition de luxe* of 'Robert Helmont.' The letter-press is of about the same size as in the other editions of Daudet, but the margins are much wider and the paper heavier, and there are fifteen full-page plates besides numerous illustrations scattered through the text. The book is a model of the printer's art, and is eminently fitted for the writings of an author of Daudet's delicate and beautiful style.

SOME notable monographs, by members of the Bureau of Ethnology, have lately appeared. Mr. J. C. Pilling's 'Bibliography of the Siouan Languages' shows the same painstaking research and clear arrangement which distinguished his Eskimo Bibliography. The careful abstracts of books, and the biographical sketches of their authors, must have cost much labor, and will be very useful to future inquirers. Prof. Thomas's account of the 'Work in Mound Exploration of the Bureau of Ethnology' gives an interesting summary of the conclusions thus far reached by the explorers; but it seems not improbable, in view of all the evidence, that some of these conclusions will have to be modified to a certain extent. The opinion that the ancient Moundbuilders were of the same race and in the same state of culture as the modern Indians may be found to be true only in the sense in which the ancient Romans might be said to have been of the same race and in the same grade of culture as the Italians of the Dark Ages. Mr. H. W. Henshaw's paper on the 'Perforated Stones of California,' and Mr. W. H. Holmes's account of the 'Use of Gold and other Metals among the Ancient Inhabitants of Chiriqui, Isthmus of Darien,' are both interesting studies, of much value to American archaeology.

'THE FLOWER PEOPLE,' by Mrs. Horace Mann, and 'A Kiss for a Blow,' by Henry C. Wright, are two volumes in the Classics for Home and School. Both books have been before the public for many years and have done good service for children. Mrs. Mann's book is a series of flower studies, rather fanciful in manner and spirit, but inculcating wholesome lessons, and well adapted to interest imaginative beginners in the art of reading. Mr. Wright's book is devoted to anecdotes inculcating the law of kindness and love among children. Neither of these works is quite in the manner of the juvenile literature of the present time, but it may be that they are all the better for what seems to be quaint and old-fashioned in them. (Lee & Shepard.)—MR. HENRY GEORGE has had at least one effect through his books, that he has aroused others to study political economy, if for no other purpose than to reply to him. Numerous as have been these replies, they continue to appear. Two of the latest are 'Property in Land,' by Henry Winn (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and 'Henry George versus Henry George,' by R. C. Rutherford (D. Appleton & Co.) The writer of the first of these pamphlets attacks Herbert Spencer and Father McGlynn, as well as Henry George, and he does it with clear statement and sound logic. He shows how impossible it would be to put all taxes upon land without producing evils greater than those which now exist. Mr. Rutherford adopts the ingenious method of making Henry George refute himself, by showing the inconsistencies of his statements, and the frequency with which he confutes his own leading positions. It is a very cleverly written book, and is the result of a wide and thorough knowledge of the principles of political economy.

Edward Payson Roe

THE DEATH of the Rev. Edward Payson Roe, who was cut off last week in the prime of his manhood, has doubtless struck a wider note of sorrow throughout the country, than would be called forth by the loss of any other man-of-letters in America. Mr. Roe was above everything else a genuine man, a good man; and it is by the impression of his sincerity and goodness indelibly stamped upon every page of his books, that he has won the hearts of the people. The word 'people' we use advisedly; for it was not among men and women of great intellectual cultivation that Mr. Roe found responses to his work. It was not, on the other hand, among those whose mental pabulum is of the kind not recognized in the publishers' catalogues. It was among the great middle class of workers and readers that his writings took deep hold and lent a helping hand.

Mr. Roe was born in New Windsor, N. Y., just fifty years ago on the 7th of last March. He spent the days of his boyhood wandering along the banks of the Hudson—as so many of his heroes and heroines have since done in his books. When he was twenty years old he entered Williams College; and after he was graduated, he studied a year at the Auburn Theological Seminary, and came out of it, like his namesake, a divine. Early in the War he was made Chaplain of the 2d N. Y. Volunteers (the 'Harris Light Cavalry'), and left the field of action only when the last gun was fired. He was present when Col. Ulric Dahlgren was killed in his raid upon Richmond, and himself had a narrow escape in the fight on the banks of the James River. He was afterwards appointed by Lincoln as Hospital Chaplain at Fortress Monroe. When the War was over he was called to the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church at Highland Falls, on the Hudson, below West Point, and in 1874 removed to Cornwall (also on the Hudson), where he died. Before this, however, Mr. Roe had found out the power of his pen, and 'Barriers Burned Away' and 'The Opening of a Chestnut Burr' had been given to the world. The first of these—the author's maiden effort—met with an almost unprecedented success. Mr. Roe had visited Chicago immediately after the fire, and while standing among its ruins, the plot of the book that was to make him famous took shape in his mind. Its title was suggested by the smoking embers of the city. From the moment the book appeared, the author's position was assured, and every subsequent year of his life added a new work to his list. None of his later novels ever leaped up in circulation to the 69,000 volumes sold of 'Barriers Burned Away,' but some idea of his popularity may be gained by the fact that none of them fell below 24,000. These figures relate to the cloth-bound editions; but of the most popular of his stories, paper-covered editions also, of 100,000 each, were put upon the market. Besides preaching and writing novels, Mr. Roe cultivated roses and strawberries with great success. At his home in Cornwall, surrounded by his family and his flowers, he has done most of his work; and here it was that, only the other day, he wrote *finis* to his last novel, 'Miss Lou,' now appearing in the somewhat belated *Cosmopolitan*.

The popular novelist was a large man, of rather striking appearance, with regular features, prominent dark eyes, and a mass of black hair brushed back from his forehead. His mouth and chin were hidden by a long black beard, that to be patriarchal needed only to be white. He dispensed hospitality with an open hand, and only a few weeks ago had many of his fellow-members of the Authors Club to spend the day with him and ravage his beds of strawberries. On Tuesday of last week he was in town with his publishers, apparently in the best of health; but on Thursday, while reading aloud, as was his custom in the home circle, he suddenly laid down his book; and in an hour the heart which had beat so strongly in sympathy with poor women in their garrets and poor girls at their looms, was stilled for ever.

Mr. Roe has not left a lasting heritage to literature. The

name which is a household word now from the Atlantic to the Pacific will doubtless be forgotten when the generation for which he wrote has passed away. He was alive to his fingers' ends to the times in which he lived, and delved industriously in the mills, the factories and the workshops for his material. Truthfulness, simplicity and force were the qualities which gave his works their vogue. He has been charged, perhaps unjustly, with 'sensationalism.' He felt the temper of his audience and knew the best way to keep its ear. And so, though he employed some of the methods of sensationalism, he undoubtedly sought to overbalance any harm such methods might do by the inculcation of what he believed to be the soundest morality. His publishers estimate the total sale of his works to date at 750,000 copies, and compute that a million and a half people have read one or more of them. This is a tremendous power for good or evil for any one man to wield. Praise to the man now dead that, in so far as he knew, he used it only for the good.

Mr. Roe's published works are as follows:—'Barriers Burned Away' (1873), of which 69,000 cloth-covered copies were sold; 'What Can She Do' (1873), 44,000; 'Play and Profit in the Garden' (1873); 'Opening of a Chestnut Burr' (1874), 66,000; 'Near to Nature's Heart' (1875), 53,000; 'From Jest to Earnest' (1876), 61,000; 'A Knight of the Nineteenth Century' (1877), 54,000; 'A Face Illumined' (1878), 52,000; 'A Day of Fate' (1880), 50,000; 'Without a Home' (1881), 60,000; 'A Young Girl's Wooing' (1884), 42,000; 'His Sombre Rivals' (1884), 47,000; 'An Original Belle' (1885), 35,000; 'Nature's Serial Story' (1884), 24,000; 'He Fell in Love with His Wife' (1886), 38,000; 'The Earth Trembled' (1887); 'Driven Back to Eden' (1885), 30,000; 'Found Yet Lost' (1888), and two pomological works—on the 'Culture of Small Fruits' (1876) and 'Success with Small Fruits' (1880). It is said that *The Cosmopolitan*, in which 'Miss Lou' was begun sometime ago, will begin to reappear monthly in August. One of the novelist's last writings was an autobiographical sketch entitled 'A Native Author Called Roe.' It will appear in the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Matthew Arnold, in one of his papers on America, remarked that the literary impulse of the country seems to be largely nurtured by the writings 'of a native author called Roe.' Mr. Roe accepted the designation, as shown by the title of his sketch.

Mr. Roe's funeral took place at Cornwall on Monday. A public service was held at the Presbyterian Church, after brief exercises at the house. There was a great crowd in attendance, and business was suspended in the village. Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic acted as a guard of honor. Many members of the Authors' Club and of the Philolethean Society were present. The following clergymen took part in the services: Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York; Rev. George P. Noble, of Cornwall; Rev. John Teal, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Rev. Dr. W. K. Hall, of Newburg, and Rev. William McMurdy, of Highland Falls. The burial was in the little cemetery of the Church, beside the graves of Mr. Roe's children. It is just such a place as he loved—a romantic spot under the shade of maple trees, from whose trunks trail artistic vines.

A TRIBUTE FROM JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

You will probably be asked to find room in your columns for many letters from the friends of E. P. Roe. I apply for admission with the others, on the ground that none of them could have loved him more than I did. The telegram which to-day told me of his death, has made my own life less interesting to me. He was so good a man that no one can take his place with those who knew him. It is the simple truth that he cared for his friends more than for himself: that his greatest happiness was to see others happy: that he would have more rejoiced in the literary fame of one of his friends than in any such fame of his own winning. All his leisure was spent in making plans for the pleasure and profit of other people. I have seen him laugh with delight at the success of these plans. As I write, so many generous, sweet, noble deeds of his

throng in my memory,—deeds done so unobtrusively, delicately and heartily,—that I feel the uselessness of trying to express his value and our loss. He was at once manly and childlike: manly in honor, truth and tenderness; childlike in the simplicity that suspects no guile and practises none. He had in him that rare quality of loving sympathy that prompted sinners to bring their confessions to him, and ask help and counsel of him,—which he gave, and human love into the bargain. Among his million readers, thousands wrote to thank him for good that his books had awakened in their souls and stimulated in their lives. He knew the human heart, his own was so human and so great; and the vast success of his stories, however technical critics may have questioned it, was within his deserts, because it was based on this fact. No one could have had a humbler opinion of Roe's 'art' than he had: but an author who believes that good is stronger than evil, and that a sinner may turn from his wickedness and live, and who embodies these convictions in his stories, without a trace of cant or taint of insincerity,—such an author and man deserves a success infinitely wider and more permanent than that of the skilfullest literary mechanic: and it is to the credit of our nation that he has it. But I must not abuse your editorial hospitality further.

SAG HARBOR, July 20th 1888.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

The Lounger

ONE OF THE strangest clubs in the world has just been organized in Mexico. It is composed of journalists who have been imprisoned for political offences; and the relative standing of the members is based in general upon the length of the sentences they have served, or rather of the periods during which they have languished in jail; for unless the Government of Mexico is grossly libelled, the formality of a trial is commonly dispensed with in the case of editors who have abused the privilege of free speech. In determining a member's relative position in the new association, the severity of his experience of prison-life is taken into account; and this sometimes modifies his standing, giving him a higher rank than others who have served longer but under less distressing conditions.

THERE ARE NOT many lands where such an organization as this would be possible, but in Mexico it is sure of an overflowing membership—unless a majority of the burnt editors dread the fire of official wrath too strongly to risk making themselves again obnoxious to the powers that be. The status of the newspaper man in our 'sister Republic' is hardly that of his fellow to the north of the Rio Grande. President Diaz (who has just been elected to a third term, after a nominal respite from the cares of office) is not as tolerant of newspaper criticism as President Cleveland, say, or President Carnot; and as a result of his sensitiveness the editorial chair is set with a ring of thorns in the country that owns his gentle sway. The President's secret motives and overt acts being alike above suspicion, it is natural that he should visit with the severest rigors those purblind critics who affect to discover aught amiss in the doings of the chief executive. Aggravated cases of editorial purblindness are cured with a volley of musketry; it is the milder ones that are treated with solitary confinement and low diet. The new club is composed of the latter class of patients. They are indeed 'clubable' men, each of whom has proved his eligibility by due experience of the official bludgeon.

THE QUESTION has often been asked, Can manuscripts be insured? I have heard it said with great positiveness that they can not, but I see by an interview with one of the *Century's* editorial staff, printed in *The Evening Telegram*, that they have a certain amount of insurable value. If a manuscript is destroyed for which the editor has paid, say \$500, the author is asked to rewrite it if he has the notes or can remember what he said, and the insurance company pays the extra price that is paid to him for his extra work. If I were the author, and had been paid \$500 for an article, I think I should ask \$1000 for rewriting it. I had a little experience of this sort recently (the manuscript had not brought me in \$500, however), and I think the task was one of the most tiresome that ever fell to my lot. And the discovery of the original manuscript the day after I had rewritten it did not make me feel the least bit happier.

I HEARD a publisher say, recently, that he would never again publish a book by a certain author, because the author in question made daily visits to his office to read the reviews of his book, and interview the salesmen as to the sale it met with. Both the publisher and his clerks were completely worn out by his importunity, and would run away and hide when they saw him coming. 'I wouldn't publish another thing of his if there was a fortune in it,'

said the publisher. I tell this as a warning to eager young authors. If you are anxious to see what the critics say about you, make occasional pilgrimages to your publisher, but don't bore him to death and drive his clerks wild with questions. If you do, you will not only lose a publisher for your next book, but make your agents weary of the one they are trying to sell.

A FRIEND of mine had a book which he prized very highly at Alexander's bindery, the concern that suffered more from the recent fire than any other in *The Century* building. The worth of the book was not so great, but its associations made it valuable. It was a copy of an abridged edition of Webster's Dictionary, which had been presented to the owner's mother by Noah Webster's son, and bore the record of this fact on the fly-leaf in the donor's hand. No wonder my friend was sorry to lose the much-thumbed volume. He met Mr. Alexander the day after the fire, and said something expressive of his regret at having lost the book. To his utter astonishment the binder told him that the dictionary was safe and sound, and that it was the only book among the thousands in the bindery that had escaped the ravages of the flames. He considered its fate so peculiar that he refused to be paid for his work in binding it.

IN ONE of his interesting papers on London society contributed to the *Tribune*, 'G. W. S.' discusses the social status of actors and actresses, in which class he presumably includes opera-singers. In London, he says, members of the theatrical profession have of late received the social recognition which consists in being invited to 'great houses.' One of their number, Mrs. Kendal, has actually been a guest of the Queen and of the Princess of Wales. In New York, 'G. W. S.' is told, the profession of acting is still 'a social disqualification,' and 'no other door opens to the most gifted or excellent woman who enters the stage.' I don't know who it was who provided this information, but whoever he may be, he did not know what he was talking about. Certainly Mme. Modjeska, Mme. Ristori, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mme. Nilsson, Rosina Vokes, and others whom I could mention, are welcomed and honored guests even among Mr. McAlister's exclusive four hundred.

ABOUT the poorest specimen of 'newspaper English' I have seen this year occurs in a journal where one would hardly have looked for it. Here it is, word for word and line for line, from a St. Petersburg letter to the *London Times*:

The Russian Government has at length taken measures against the denudation of the forests in the empire. The necessity of putting a stop to the reckless felling of timber and the wholesale plunder of the same has long been felt and repeatedly discussed, but up to within recently no actual steps have been taken to effect a remedy.

This has all the cut-and-dryness, all the conventionality and colorlessness of the writer who never stops to think how his words will sound, but cares only to say what he has to say in any jargon that will express his meaning. It has about as much compression as a wet sponge, no clearer outlines than a jelly-fish, and no more literary style than a sum in arithmetic or a table of logarithms.

The Truth about Pope's Skull

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

MOST students of Eighteenth Century literature are familiar with Howitt's narrative of certain strange adventures which were said to have befallen the skull of Alexander Pope long after the great poet was laid to rest in Twickenham Church.

By one of those acts which neither science nor curiosity can excuse [so Howitt writes in his 'Homes and Haunts of the British Poets'] the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist. The manner in which it was obtained is said to have been this. On some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of someone in the same spot, the coffin of Pope was disinterred and opened to see the state of the remains. By a bribe to the sexton of the time, possession of the skull was obtained for a night, and another skull returned instead of it. I have heard that fifty pounds were paid to manage and carry through this transaction. Be that as it may, the undoubted skull of Pope now figures in the phrenological collection of Mr. Holm, of Highgate, and was frequently exhibited by him, in his lectures, as demonstrating by its not large but well-balanced proportions its affinity to the intellectual character of the poet.

This is Howitt's story, which was written some forty or fifty years ago. It has now been proved to be false; and its refutation and the true story of Pope's skull I am about to set forth. A movement is on foot in this country to commemorate worthily the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pope. The Commemoration Committee includes some of the best known English

men-of-letters of the present day (Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Dr. Garnett, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Prof. A. W. Ward and others); and your Mr. Russell Lowell has been invited to become a member on behalf of America. It was at a meeting of this Committee, held yesterday, that the truth about Pope's skull was first made public.

The Rev. Charles Croby, who was Vicar of Twickenham at the time the alleged theft was said to have taken place, strenuously denied the truth of Mr. Howitt's narrative. It was true, he said, that the skull had been discovered; but it was entirely false that it had been stolen and another substituted in its place. According to him, this is what happened:

Upon opening a vault some years ago in the middle aisle of the Church, adjoining Pope's vault, the latter fell in, the coffin was broken, and disclosed the skeleton, which was very short with a large skull. I was immediately informed of it, when I directed my curate, Mr. Fletcher, to remain in the church and not to leave until the whole was restored and built up. A cast of the skull was taken, with my permission, by the mason employed, who well knew how to accomplish it. I am quite sure that Mr. Fletcher rigidly carried out my instructions. No such abstraction could have been made.

At yesterday's Committee meeting, the cast in question was produced by the son-in-law of the man who took it; and the present writer had an opportunity of closely examining it. Unfortunately the anterior portion of the skull was not sufficiently well-preserved to admit of a cast of the whole being taken; hence we have nothing beyond a representation of the occipital, parietal and temporal bones. But these are enough to show that Pope possessed a head which, if possibly somewhat under the average size, was exceedingly well-formed, broad and intellectual. Two casts only are in existence, and the mould was broken at the time. The owner informed me that an American gentleman was very anxious to purchase one of them some four years ago; but he would not part with it. He guards them with the most jealous care, and will not even allow a sketch to be made; judging—and no doubt rightly—that their value will increase as the years roll on.

There seems to be little doubt that the cast exhibited (which will shortly figure in a temporary Popean museum) was taken from the veritable skull of Alexander Pope; and that that skull, instead of forming part of a phrenologist's stock-in-trade, still moulders in a vault beneath the aisle of the quaint old church at Twickenham.

LONDON, 23 June, 1888.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

The Magazines

The Woman's World for August opens with a story by 'Carmen Sylva,' called 'Decebal's Daughter'—a lurid, bloody tale of the time of Trajan, after the style of Flaubert's 'Salammbô.' It is translated into English, with the sanction of Her Majesty, by Mrs. E. B. Mayer. A second paper also plunges into the ancient world; for under the title of 'A Lady of Ancient Egypt,' Mrs. Helen M. Tirard has resurrected the toilette-table of the daughters of the Pharaohs, compared to which the arts 'my lady' uses to-day for her adornment are simplicity itself. The illustrations accompanying the article though not novel are very curious, and the same subject furnishes material for the frontispiece—a picture of a fair Nile lady, with all the accessories of lotos-flowers, pigeons, cats and cacti. In a joint contribution on 'Some Irish Industries,' Miss Charlotte O'Connor-Eccles describes 'The Poplin-Weavers of Dublin,' and Miss Dorothea Roberts the 'Knitters of the Rosses'—to pronounce which, as Leigh Hunt said of a certain street in Florence, is almost a tune. George Fleming's serial, 'The Truth about Clement Ker,' is continued in three chapters; following which appears a short poem from Elizabeth Chapman on 'Flowers from the South,' in a style and phraseology which discount the poems of the editor himself. One of the most interesting papers in the number is by Constance Wilde, the editor's wife, reviewing 'Children's Dress in this Century,' with amusing illustrations of its evolution. Other papers are from Miss M. R. Lacey, 'A Plea for the Indifferent'; from Miss Stirling and Lady Wentworth, on 'The Home Arts and Industries Association'; and from Miss M. C. Tabor, on 'The Working-Ladies' Guild.' The concluding paper, on the 'Latest Fashions,' devotes a column of space to the ravishing creations that Laferrière has designed for the French actress Jane Hading. It will doubtless be read with great interest by the American *monde*, as the garments have all been prepared for Mme. Hading's American tour, and will be worn here for the first time.

The summer solstice is upon us in the August *Harper's*. We follow Lafcadio Hearn in 'A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies'; we burn beneath an African sun with Rider Haggard; 'at noon the haymakers sit them down,' in 'The Leather Bottel'; and it is the time of fishing and water-lilies 'In Far Lochaber.' We poor unfortunate toilers, confined within brick walls and sultry streets,

are fortunate in this, that we can make such happy excursions to other lands, though transported thither only on paper. Mr. Hearn in his second chapter on the West Indies, revels in language as DeQuincey did; the market-place, St. Pierre, is ablaze with color; and one's eyes are dazzled by the tropical luxuriance about the Stations of the Cross above Mont Rouge. Words, language, speech, are as plaster in this writer's hands; as a literary artist we are forced to rank him almost first among the poets who are coming up out of the South. As Mr. Haggard's story, 'Maiwa's Revenge,' is now finished and for sale upon the streets, there is no need of farther mention of it here. The recipe is old, but it answers: Take Allan Quatermain, a band of African warriors, sundry elephants, an occasional lion, and perhaps a pinch of Capt. Curtis; mix well, and *voilà!* you have a new romance by Rider Haggard. The article on 'Holstein-Friesian Cattle' has great interest to cattle-fanciers, no doubt, but *Harper's* seems hardly the place for such a 'special.' Abbey's drawings for 'The Leather Bottel' are—well, there is only one Abbey; and Alfred Parsons's engraving for Wordsworth's sonnet, 'While not a Leaf Seems Faded,' is only second to them in charm. In 'A Chiswick Ramble,' Moncure D. Conway smuggles us into the dressing-room of the Duchess of Devonshire, draws us on a pilgrimage to Hogarth's house and Hogarth's monument, guides us about Chiswick House itself, and strolls with us over Chiswick Mall. THE CRITIC promised its readers a treat in the present instalment of 'Annie Kilburn,' and will not detract from the enjoyment of those who have not yet read it by anticipating its rich drollery. 'In Far Lochaber' is still continued; and Charles Dudley Warner adds Cincinnati and Louisville to his 'Studies of the Great West.' We wish we had room to say a few words of Theodore Child's paper on 'Sandro Botticelli,' which every lover of 'Old Pictures in Florence' will read and appreciate, and of the beautiful reproductions from his works. The poetry is furnished by Robt. U. Johnson, in 'The Guest of the Evening,' by Horatio Nelson Powers, in 'My Walk to Church,' and by Annie Chambers-Ketchum, in 'Aubade,' 'a thing of beauty.' The ubiquitous Indian comes in for a share of attention in an interesting contribution, 'The Montagnais,' from C. H. Farnham; and the one short story, 'Pride and Pride,' is from the pen of Jane G. Austen—a combination of author's name and title not altogether strange to English ears.

Place aux dames! The gallant editor of *The Atlantic* has given the seat of honor this month to Miss Sarah Orne Jewett; but one cannot say that she has done herself or the seat much credit. 'The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation' is a very short story, unsatisfactory and unsuggestive. Miss Jewett flourishes under the oaks and elms of the New England villages, but suffers by transplantation. Of the contribution over the initials of H. W. P. and L. D., one can say better things. 'A Bishop of the Fifth Century' is that Sidonius Apollinaris who married the only daughter of the Emperor Avitus, and who was such a sturdy power following on the days of Attila and his incursions into Italy. Brought out into the glare of the Nineteenth Century, the Bishop bears the light well—a just prefect, a noble patrician, a graceful poet. In the way of travel there is a pleasant description of Scotch lakes and the Caledonia Canal, the diary of 'An Enchanted Day,' by Julia C. R. Dorr; and a paper by Edmund Noble, in which he takes his readers for 'A Call on Mother Moscow.' In the latter article is given the curious nomenclature of some Muscovite streets. For example, Mr. Noble says he traversed the Field of Virgins and the Street of Cooks, the Place of Drums, the Street of Peas and (shade of Matthew Arnold!) the Passage of Onions. Miss Helen Gray Cone's poem, 'Ivo of Chartres,' is an ideal allegory of the times of Louis, King and Saint. With Lucy C. Bull's pathetic sonnet, this furnishes the only verse. In the way of pedagogy, Horace E. Scudder has an article on 'Literature in the Public Schools'; and Dr. Charles W. Eliot enquires 'How Can School Programmes be Shortened and Enriched?' The two serial stories, 'Yone Santo' and 'The Despot of Broomsedge Cove,' are continued; and the first part of a critical study of the 'Prometheus' of Aeschylus, by W. C. Lawton, appears. William Howe Downes, in 'Boston Painters and Paintings,' talks this month of Allston, Stuart Newton, Malbone the miniaturist, S. F. B. Morse, Sargent, and a host of lesser lights, whose beams, we imagine, irradiate only the Hub. 'John Evelyn's Daughter' is an inconsequential story told in English of the Seventeenth Century. In the reviews, 'The Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor' and 'The Political Essays of James Russell Lowell' are passed upon. Of the latter the reviewer says: 'The American people never tire of politics, and in this volume they will find their favorite dish served with such a pinch of Attic salt as will relieve it of any possible suspicion of staleness.'

Belford's Magazine for July gives us milk-and-water diet. We have searched in vain among the dozen contributions for something readable; but with the exception of Miss Elizabeth Marbury's

bright comedietta, 'An Afternoon Tea,' and a feeling poem of Helen G. Smith's, called 'Domus Pacifica,' we have found nothing on which the mind could dwell with pleasure. There are two wishy-washy poems, dedicated respectively by Sarah M. B. Piatt and 'A Republican in Exile,' to the 'first lady of the land;' and with a paper called 'A Farmer's View of It,' by Sol. Putnam; one on the 'Tariff Reform,' by Frank H. Hurd; one from Henry J. Philpot, 'A Plea for the Negro;' and a few commonplace short stories, we have the gist of the number. Donn Piatt's department of Reviews, however, is redemptory, and well worth the half-hour given to it. He has a few words of protest against the emphatic 'sitting-down' Miss Amélie Rives has received, and pats that much-criticised young lady on the head in a way that must be even more galling than the severity of less friendly judges. He extends to Edgar Saltus the faint praise that damns in the same condescending manner; and then proceeds to 'do up' the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly in a 'third round.' Mr. Piatt is pleased to be merry this month at the expense of his subjects, but he plays the difficult rôle of jester with success. The complete novel of the number, 'The Wrong Man,' is from the hand of Gertrude Harrison.

The Poet in Fiction

[Andrew Lang (as *Diabolus*), in *The St. James's Gazette*.]

THOUGH I here call myself a poet (in deference to some of my reviewers, especially in America) I am not really 'proud of the title,' as the Live Skeleton is said to have remarked when they showed him. Titles like 'Poet' and 'Professor' are borne by persons so much more distinguished than myself—Professor Stuart, M.P., for example, and the author of 'The Light of Asia Minor'—that I would gladly avoid them. To speak truth, I am but a versifier, or, if you like, a rhymist; for I share the objections which, as Milton's publisher tells us in the first edition, were made to the absence of rhyme in 'Paradise Lost.' I don't teach things in song, and I don't learn them in suffering. Surely there is no harm in rhyming, as long as you know it is only rhyming. I am not proud of my poor skill in so facile an art; and if the Muses insist on crowning me, let it be with grass of Parnassus, which grows at the foot—the boggy foot—of the sacred hill. But there seems to be no more harm in writing a casual sonnet—especially if it is moral, and if one can get a casual guinea for it—than in sketching on blotting-paper or perpetrating a design in sepia. The world cannot be got to understand this position. Some persons merely and frankly deride me, calling me 'Poet Jones,' 'the Minstrel,' and so forth. These trouble me little; for they are usually young, and have that juvenile contempt for everybody over twenty-one which we all once enjoyed and which we can readily pardon. It is said that some poets suffer a good deal from the passionately uncalculated devotion of the fair, and that they are even placed sometimes in situations where it is hard to be at once respectable and dignified, like the Reverend Joseph—I mean Robert—Elsmere on a notorious occasion. This is not a form of suffering which I have ever had to undergo; but I do endure much from eternal requests to write poetry (gratis) in charity-bazaar books. Till I had used up most of the rejected lyrics of my undergraduate-hood, these appeals were rather welcome than otherwise. But now I have no undergraduate poetry left, except a few highly profane and prodigiously improper ditties in Mr. Swinburne's early manner—'Messalina,' 'Rahab,' 'Gilles de Retz,' and so forth. These it would ill become me to offer to the ladies who edit bazaar books. On the other hand, a new poem is now worth as much, often, as thirty shillings to me; and it is rather hard that all these pieces of silver should go to the 'Incurable Children,' the 'Destitute Novelists' Home' (a cheerful retreat *that* must be), and the 'Asylum for the Daughters of the Absolutely Uneducated Clergy'—which last, besides, is unfavorably known to the Charity Organization people. As to the worry of writing autographs for sweet enthusiasts in Iowa or Kansas, which they swap for old stamps with other collectors, that is one of the least of a rhymist's reasons for disliking existence.

What one feels most—and I doubt not other poets will agree with me—is the use we (or I anyhow) are put to by second-rate novelists. For my part, I am villain of almost every third romance I read. Nature was pleased to make me (in youth) a thing of almost girlish beauty, rather like the young Dionysus if anything, with floating curls of gold, a complexion like a rose-leaf, large eyes of a melting azure, and with a small pointed golden beard like Alfred de Musset. I don't mind mentioning these charms now, because they have long ago followed last year's snows, last year's hay-crop, and other vegetable and mineral productions of the past. A poet is now the very last thing that any stranger would take me for. Seven pounds more, and I shall burst a 'Try your weight'

machine, like Mr. Anstey's hero; besides, I am a devoted Liberal Unionist, a member of a party which I shall not further criticise than by observing that it is not picturesque. But the novelists got hold of me as I was when I first came on the town with my little book 'Nepenthé' (now out of print, my aunt having given away all the copies), and every wicked poet in recent fiction is cast in my early mould. He generally comes in near the beginning of the story; he is a thing of sinister beauty, to be sure. 'A lovely boy, I guess;' but the panther in the wilderness is not so treacherous as he. His prime offence is writing rhymes; but from that he goes rapidly on—first to jilting young ladies, then to borrowing money, then to cheating at cards, then to forgery, and finally (as a general rule) collapses in opium-eating. I have known him to establish curious and unholy relations with a Russian countess. I have watched him (when unluckily married) *dine out without his wife*; and everybody who knows the virtuous British novelist knows that heaven heads the count of crimes with that wild act.

Sometimes, when an author is very good-natured, the poet of the novel is only horsewhipped at intervals all through the story. On one occasion he was horsewhipped for collecting blue china; but that was years ago. He always wears an eye-glass, he never can pronounce his R's, and he has invariably long white hands. He is very often introduced to make the running in affairs of the heart for the favorite, a sturdy, stupid, muscular hero with money. The Poet is turned loose, as it were, with all his beauty and all his rondeaux (these are ever obnoxious to virtue, rouleaux are not) and the heroine fancies that she loves him. But us soon as the Poet has thus made the running he collapses; he behaves badly; and the stupid sturdy lover with money comes in and marries the heroine, who now 'learns that what she had taken for love was but—' etc., etc. This is more than flesh and blood can stand. If the Poet had not swerved all over the course, so to speak, that girl would never have declined on the sturdy favorite—a mere *pis aller*—and he would have had to marry her younger sister or her cousin. The consequences of this treatment of the Poet in fiction are deplorable. First, they make the novel where he occurs needlessly dull; because as soon as the Poet comes on every reader knows exactly how he will behave, and can predict how he will run his ringed fingers through his essenced locks. Again, young poets with honorable intentions (and very likely such poets do exist) find that nice girls are prejudiced against them. Once more, rhyme comes almost to be synonymous with crime. Now, I know as many poets as most people, and a more thoroughly domesticated set of ratepayers you will nowhere find than those sons of the god of Patara, or rather Paternoster-row. Will no novelist be a little original, and introduce a poet who is neither pretty nor perfidious, a poet who can pronounce his R's, and is safe to play lawn-tennis with, and does *not* belong to a small literary club? A poet who had none of these qualities would be quite a fresh character in modern fiction. But it has long been clear that novelists take their characters, not from nature, but from each other, and most bards in romance are copies at second-hand from Kingsley's maudlin minstrel in 'Two Years Ago.'

Current Criticism

THE POET-QUEEN.—The Queen [of Roumania] is a poet of mark—she writes as 'Carmen Sylva'—and one of those feminine intellects eager for culture and for spheres of activity of which the world is now so full. She was bred among the woods of the Black Forest, and life in the woods is still the one which most attracts her, the more so because her nature is essentially contemplative, and her desire for mental rest so keen, that once, when sending her portrait to Professor Max Müller, she wrote across it 'Nirvana,' to express, as we understand her, her inner aspiration. This desire, however, is compatible with much energy, and in Roumania the Queen has been a source of high intellectual activity, starting the Asyle Hélène, a ladies' Normal School, with four hundred and sixty scholars, establishing benevolent societies, and encouraging all kinds of industrial schemes, while she cultivates her own mind, and pours out an incessant stream of German and Roumanian poetry, much of which is pronounced by competent judges to have great merit. During the war of 1876, the Queen was the Florence Nightingale of Roumania, and, moreover, filled her husband's place while he was absent before Plevna; but she lays it down as a dogma that 'it is an anomaly and a misfortune when a woman is forced to step forward into public life.' As described by Miss McKerlie, the Queen of Roumania is one of the brightest and best women in Europe, full of capacities, but tormented a little by an over-zealousness for good works, which, nevertheless, leave on her a sense of intellectual weariness and unfulfilled longing. The one misfortune of her life as yet has been the death of her only child, a daughter.—*The Spectator*.

Notes

—The *Independent* of July 26 contains an epistle in Andrew Lang's series entitled 'Letters on Literature,' addressed to Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Lang criticises some of Mr. Stevenson's remarks in his paper called 'Gentlemen in Fiction,' published in *Scribner's Magazine* for June.

—Prof. Boyesen's 'A Daughter of the Phillistines' has recently appeared in Norwegian, and has been received enthusiastically by the Scandinavians. It is a novel experience for an author to be translated into his mother tongue.

—Björnstjerne Björnson who some months ago returned to Norway from Paris, where he has spent the past three years, has taken up his abode at Aulestad, his estate in Guldbrandsdale. He has created somewhat of a stir lately by the publication of a political letter (claimed by his enemies to have been strictly confidential) from Ole Richter, Minister Resident of Norway at Stockholm, which so seriously compromised the writer that he committed suicide by shooting himself. The letter was of a political character, and reflected upon the veracity of the Premier, John Sverdrup, Richter's chief in the Cabinet. But for this letter the suicide would probably have succeeded Sverdrup.

—Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania ('Carmen Sylva'), the author of 'Pensées,' is the subject of a very interesting paper in the last *National Review*. The *Epoch* says that Her Royal Highness has invited Gounod and Alphonse Daudet to pass a few weeks at the Château of Pelesch, at Sinaia, in the Carpathian Mountains, as the guests of the King and herself. Pierre Loti was the guest of the Royal pair last year.

—Mr. Charles Barnard has just sold a play to Neil Burgess, the delineator of eccentric female characters.

—Mr. James Payn is described as a square-headed, broad-browed, spectacled man, more like a prosperous physician than an author. He is now almost sixty years old.

—Hector Malot follows Daudet in *L'Illustration* with a novel called 'Mondaine;' and will be succeeded in turn by De Maupassant, who is busily at work on a new romance for that paper.

—It is estimated that it will take ten years to publish all the posthumous works of Victor Hugo.

—The Brentanos are about to publish a series entitled 'Romantic Tales,' uniform with the 'Tales Before Supper,' which will include many of the best works of the day that have not yet been translated into English. No. 1 will be ready Aug. 15, and will contain three stories from the French of Balzac, Fernal and Sardou. They also announce for next month a cheap edition, in both cloth and paper, of George Moore's 'Confessions of a Young Man.'

—Henry Holt & Co. are to publish 'A Modern Brigand,' by the author of 'Miss Bayle's Romance.'

—Ellen Emerson, author of 'Indian Myths,' is busy in the museums and libraries of Paris studying her specialty. Miss Emerson is the first woman made a member of the Société de France—a great honor, inasmuch as the Society includes in its membership the most distinguished archaeologists of Europe.

—And now, it is said, we are to have the reminiscences of Col. Mapleson.

—The house on the old Bloomingdale Road where Poe lived—one of the baker's dozen in which he is said to have written 'The Raven'—is in process of destruction.

—This is what Renan has to say of Balzac:

I do not like this writer very much. To begin with, he writes badly, except in some of his short stories, which are really excellent; then his ideas are dangerous when they are not childish. His philosophy, when he attempts to speak on the subject, causes a smile; he has not reflected a minute on the progress of humanity. In fine, his conception of life is low and mischievous and without an ideal. He has had a deplorable and unfortunate influence upon society. How different from Mme. Sand! I admire her! What marvellous language and what solid philosophy! She is the real novelist of our time!

—Mr. Courtlandt Palmer died at Lake Dunmore, Vermont, on Monday afternoon. Mr. Palmer's name is chiefly known through his identification with the Nineteenth Century Club, of which he was the founder and President. He was a declared positivist and disciple of Comte, and his political convictions were known to be extremely radical. He indorsed the Progressive Labor party in its last campaign, appeared at several of its meetings, and at one time was said to have in view the publication of a daily Socialistic paper. Yet, despite his Socialistic theories, he was a very rich man, his holdings being largely of real estate. Mr. Palmer was a man of hobbies, and his desire to have Col. Ingersoll deliver his funeral

oration, and the wish expressed just before he died that his body should be cremated, showed the ruling passion to be strong in death. By profession Mr. Palmer was a lawyer. He was forty-five years of age.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce 'Through Wood and Field with Tennyson' and 'Under the Greenwood Tree with Shakspeare,' new and dainty 'color books' by Wedworth Wadsworth.

—'The Lesson of the Master' is the title of Henry James's new story, to appear as a serial in *The Universal Review*.

—Mr. James Sime has edited a selection of Mendelssohn's letters for the Pitt Press Series of Cambridge University, which the Messrs. Macmillan bring out.

—Quoting Mr. Browning's recent declaration, 'I can't bring myself to write for periodicals; I have steadily refused this kind of thing from first to last,' *The Pall Mall Gazette* says that the following poems were contributed by him to *Hood's Magazine* for the years and months indicated: 'The Laboratory,' 'Claret and Tokay,' June, 1844; 'Garden Fancies,' 'The Flower's Name,' and 'Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis,' July, 1844; 'The Boy and the Angel,' August, 1844; 'The Tomb at St. Praxed's,' March, 1845; 'The Flight of the Duchess,' April, 1845. 'Hervé Riel' appeared in *The Cornhill* in March, 1871.

—Mr. Francis S. Saltus has, after writing a life of Donizetti in English, put it into French and Italian also. It will appear simultaneously in London, Paris and Milan.

—Prof. Tyndall has a paper in this week's *Youth's Companion* on 'Life in the Alps.'

—The chief features of *Harper's* for September will be the first of three papers, entitled 'Our Journey to the Hebrides,' a study of the 'crofters,' by the Pennells; an article on 'Old Satsuma,' by Prof. E. S. Morse, beautifully illustrated from his own collection; an illustrated article on 'The New Gallery of Tapestries, Florence;' and a novelette, called 'At Byrams,' by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie.

—The Macmillans are issuing Gen. Strachey's 'Lectures on Geography' and Lady Verney's 'How the Peasant Lives.'

—Carl Breuner, the artist, died at Louisville, Ky., last Sunday. He was a Bavarian by birth, and came to this country when a child. He began life as a sign-painter, and first attracted attention as an artist by a picture exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Since that time his work has been frequently before the public. His special study was the beech tree. Breuner was just fifty years old. He leaves a wife and eight children, the eldest of whom is studying art in Munich.

—Ernest Renan, Jean Richepin, Pierre Loti and Benjamin Constant are some of the authors and artists who have offered to contribute to an illustrated paper, which will make its appearance in only one number, and is to be published for the benefit of the sufferers from the locust plague in Algeria.

—Gen. Lew Wallace's campaign biography of Gen. Harrison will be ready in a few days. Geo. Alfred Townsend will write the campaign biography of the Hon. Levi P. Morton.

—*Harper's Weekly* for to-day has an interesting paper from Theodore Child on 'The French Chamber of Deputies,' with spirited illustrations from the pencil of Paul Renouard. Next week a series of articles will be begun on 'The Foreign Element in New York City,' by George J. Manson.

—The August volume in the Camelot Series will be 'English Prose from Maundeville to Thackeray,' chosen by Arthur Galton.

—The New York Syndicate Press, managed by Mr. Wm. J. Bok, makes an attractive announcement of material to be furnished by well-known authors, among which is a series of popular articles on summer travel by Mrs. Lew Wallace, Grace Greenwood and others. The concern has just published the platforms of the Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, United Labor and Union Labor parties in a convenient pamphlet that will find its way into innumerable hands this fall.

—'The Man Without a Country' is to be brought out in the Autumn by Robert Bros. in a handsome quarto edition, with illustrations by F. T. Merrill.

—Mr. Blaine denies that he intends to give his friends an opportunity to read an autobiographical account of his coaching trip. His cousin, Gail Hamilton, who accompanied him as Mr. Carnegie's guest, will probably write a history of the journey.

—Mr. E. C. Saunders, and not Mr. E. C. Stedman is the 'E. C. S.' whose initials are signed to an article in the current number of *Literature*, on 'Maurice Thompson at Home.'

—Macmillan's edition of 'Robert Elsmere' was exhausted on the day of its publication.

—When the Appletons were preparing their 'Picturesque Palestine,' they sent out artists to the Holy Land, and illustrated the work at immense expense. They now claim that John B. Alden has reproduced many of their engravings by process, and used them in an American edition of Geikie's 'The Holy Land and the Bible.' The matter has been taken into the courts, the firm having applied for an injunction restraining Mr. Alden from further publication of the illustrations in question.

—*Current Literature* says of Marion Crawford that he has black hair, blue eyes, a good figure, and was a great *belle* before his marriage. One wonders if he has become a beau since that event.

—The execution of the monument to the memory of Dinah Mulock Craik has been entrusted to Henry Hugh Armstead, the well-known English sculptor; and work will be begun at once on the site selected at Tewkesbury.

—Walter Besant seems to be suffering from something more serious than writer's cramp. He has been 'banished' to the continent for rest, and forbidden to do any literary work whatever. It is said, by the way, that Mr. Besant is very particular to have his name accented on the last syllable, in contradistinction to that of Mrs. Annie Besant, the author of several *risqué* books on social subjects, which is accented on the *Bes*.

—To accompany Dr. Hale's serial, 'The Story of Boston Common,' Henry Bacon has reproduced in black and white for the August *Wide Awake* his painting of 'The Boston Schoolboys and Gen. Gage,' which is owned by Columbia College.

—The sub-title to Gurdon Trumbull's 'Names and Portraits of Birds,' 'In Language to be Understood of the People,' seems to puzzle some of the readers of the book; but Mr. Trumbull is using the purest English in thus expressing himself, and the Book of Common Prayer supports him. His use of the phrase seems not to be 'understood of the people' as easily as the book itself.

—The Semitic Seminary of Johns Hopkins University, under the lead of Prof. Paul Haupt and with foreign coöperation, intends to publish a complete edition of the works of Edward Hincks, the cuneiformist. This will be an important preparation for the Seminary's proposed Assyrian-English glossary.

—John Greenleaf, Minister; or, the Full Stature of a Man,' by Julian Warth, just published by the D. Lothrop Co. of Boston, in their Summer Series, was first published in 1886 with the title, 'The Full Stature of a Man.'

—Prof. Simon Newcomb is at the Chelsea Naval Hospital under treatment for a spinal affection which has partly deprived him of the use of his arm and leg, but his mind is not affected and he directs much of the work of the office by letter.

—The banquet to celebrate the progress of the International Copyright bill in America was given in London on Wednesday evening by the Incorporated Society of Authors. Among the Americans present were James Russell Lowell, Bret Harte, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Olive Logan, Brander Matthews, James R. Osgood, Edwin A. Abbey and McNeil Whistler. Mr. Lowell made a speech in his happiest vein and his reception almost took the form of an ovation. Other speeches were made by Mr. Matthews, Walter Besant, Edmund Gosse, Edmund Yates and Mrs. Moulton, who responded to the toast 'American Authors and Authoresses.'

—The Harpers are soon to publish a book called 'Shoshone, and Other Western Wonders,' by Edwards Roberts, with an introduction by Chas. Francis Adams; 'Fifty Years Ago,' by Walter Besant; Capt. King's 'A War-Time Wooing'; and a new edition of 'The Franklin Square Song Collection.' 'Through the Long Nights,' by Mrs. Lynn Lynton has been added to the Franklin Square Library and Col. Knox's 'Boy Travellers in Australasia' is promised for the autumn.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1368.—I should like to know who wrote the poem of which the following is a stanza, when and where it was written, and where it may be found.

Over against the Treasury this day
The Master silent sits: whilst unaware
Of that Celestial Presence still and fair,
The people pass or pause upon their way.

NEWARK, N. J.

A. C. W.

No. 1369.—Who is the greatest living novelist?

GIRARD, PA.

K. C.

[As there is no recognized international standard of criticism or taste, this question cannot be satisfactorily answered. Even in England the leadership is disputed. Thousands of readers would put the author of 'Lorna Doone' at the head of the list; as many more, perhaps, would say that Wilkie Collins deserved that place, rather than Mr. Blackmore; it is even conceivable that some would rank Mr. Black higher than either of these two; one choice band of connoisseurs would give the palm to Geo. Meredith, while another, no doubt, would claim it for Mr. Stevenson. Howells, James, Bret Harte and Cable, to mention no other Americans, have many ardent admirers, who would resent the assignment of the premiership in English fiction to any writer of trans-Atlantic birth. And what with Daudet, Dumas, Feuillet, Zola and De Maupassant in France, Galdos, Valdés and Valera in Spain, Farina in Italy, and Björnson in Norway, we should be treading on very dangerous ground if we attempted to decide between the claims of these famous novelists, even if the great Russian Bear did not rise threateningly in our pathway, to assert Tolstoy's claim to the Presidency of the Republic of Letters—a claim, be it noted, which has been cheerfully allowed by no less an authority than Mr. Howells. We must ask K. C. to ask us something less difficult.]

No. 1370.—Can you tell me the origin of the expression 'playing Gooseberry,' in reference to the espionage of a third person?

NEW YORK.

H. H. T.

[In the English *Notes and Queries* and elsewhere, there have been various explanations of the phrase, none—however, entirely satisfactory, and none referring to its use in the above sense. It usually is written, 'to play up,' or 'to play old gooseberry,' with any one, and by one authority means to defeat or silence a person in a quick or summary manner. By another, 'to play the deuce' or 'to play the dickens' with an undertaking, either in a mischievous spirit or from incapacity. Dr. Brewer traces it to the origin of the French *foulé*—'foulé de pommes'—'foulé de grosseilles.' He took great liberties with my property and greatly abused it; in fact, made gooseberry fool of it, which is a corruption of gooseberry foul.' Hence, possibly, an explanation of its meaning of espionage, since the person spied upon usually feels that he has been made a fool of.]

No. 1371.—Who wrote these lines?

1. Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.
2. Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
3. Measure the good
Before you say what's evil.
4. Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each through endless years—
One minute of heaven is worth them all.
5. Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

[I. W. H. Channing.]

A. B. C.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Adams, W. I. L. Photographic Instructor. \$1. Scovill Manufacturing Co.
Amory, T. C. Siege of Newport. Cambridge: John Appleton & Co.
Arnold, E. L. England As She Seems. 30c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Blair, A. A. Chemical Analysis of Iron. \$4. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bonham, J. M. Industrial Liberty. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Braddon, M. E. The Fatal Three. 30c. Harper & Bros.
Brother Azarias. Aristotle and the Christian Church. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
Clark, E. G. Tale of the Shakespeare Epitaph. Belford, Clark & Co.
Cook, A. S. Phonological Investigation of Old English. 10c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Dickinson, J. and E. E., and Dowd, S. E. A Winter Picnic. \$1. Henry Holt & Co.
Faunce, L. Descriptive Geometry. \$1.35. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
From 18 to 20. \$1. Harper & Bros.
Haggard, H. R. Maiwa's Revenge. 25c. Longmans, Green & Co.
Haggard, H. R. Maiwa's Revenge. 25c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Heilprin, A. Animal Life of Our Sea-Shore. 50c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Lowell, J. R. Political Essays. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Lowell, J. R. The Independent in Politics. 25c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Marble, A. P. Discussions on Manual training and the Blair Bill. Boston: George B. Meleney.
McLelland, M. G. Madame Silva. Cassell & Co.
Montgomery, D. H. Benjamin Franklin. 50c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Ots, J. M. P. Laconisms. 75c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Pearson, F. W. 1891 of Bar Harbor. 10c. Welles Pub. Co.
Pendleton, E. A. Virginia Inheritance. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Percy, S. Diary of (1668 to end.) 10c. Cassell & Co.
Rickoff, B. M. Ohio; a Souvenir. \$1. Cinn.: Robt. Clarke & Co.
Rollins, A. W. Uncle Tom's Tenement. Boston: William E. Smythe Co.
Ryllie, J. Dictionary of the English and Volapük Languages. Chicago: L. Schick.
Simmons, J. E. The Higher Education a Public Duty. Board of Education.
Steel, A. G., and Lytleton, R. H. Cricket. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Tausig, F. W. Tariff History of the United States. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Two Art Critics. Pictures at Play. Longmans, Green & Co.
Two Lunatics. Written by One of Them. 50c. Theo. Berendsohn.
Voysey, C. Some Thoughts on Evolution. London: Williams & Norgate.
Ward, H. Mrs. Robert Elsmere. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Wentworth, G. A. Text-Book of Geometry. Ginn & Co.
Wert, J. H. Camp and Hearth. Harrisburg: Harrisburg Pub. Co.